

SAVE MONEY-SAVE TIME

New Easy Way

MAKES BUTTON HOLES

ON YOUR OWN SEWING MACHINE

MY! BUT IT'S EXPENSIVE
TO HAVE BUTTON HOLES MADE.

YES PLEASE

WHAT YOU NEED IS A BUTTON-HOLE MAKER
LIKE THIS... IT COSTS ONLY \$1.00 AND FITS ON
YOUR SEWING MACHINE — AND IT'S SO SIMPLE
TO OPERATE!

THIS IS MARVELOUS!
FROM NOW ON I'LL
MAKE ALL MY OWN
BUTTON HOLES

JUST LOOK AT ALL THESE BUTTON-
HOLES I MADE — AND IT WAS REALLY FUN

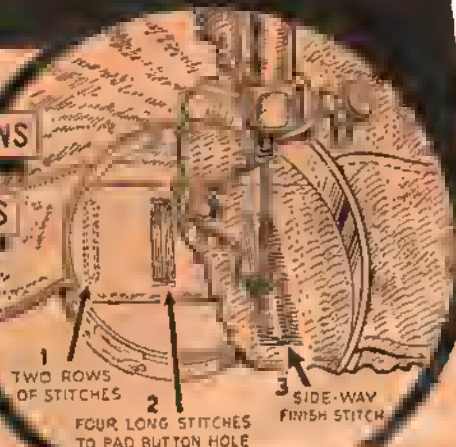
I KNEW YOU'D LOVE IT! AND
YOU CAN DARN HOSE AND SEW
ON BUTTONS & ZIPPERS WITH IT

SEW ON BUTTONS

DARN STOCKINGS

ATTACH ZIPPERS

MEND TEARS



NEW!
IMPROVED! **2 for 1 offer** **\$1.00**
NOTHING LIKE IT! Now only

Once dreaded by every woman, now sensational new invention makes button-hole making as easy as basting a hem. Twice as neat results in half the time too! Fits any sewing machine . . . attaches in a moment. In our wonderful offer you get not one . . . but TWO of these valuable attachments. Simple to use. Complete with hoop for darning stockings, button-hole guide and easy directions in pictures. Test at our risk.

EXTRA... NEEDLE THREADER

Prompt action brings you marvelous time-saving, eye-saving needle threader. Write today!

SEND NO MONEY • ORDER NOW

Just send your name. When you receive your new improved button-hole attachment and gift needle threader, deposit only \$1.00 plus C.O.D. charges thru postman on guarantee if you aren't delighted, you may return for one dollar refund. Or send cash with order, we pay postage Special . . . 3 sets for \$2.50 NOW. Mail your name and address to:

LONDON SPECIALTIES

Dept. 175 8505 S. Phillips Ave., Chicago 17, Ill.

RUSH THIS COUPON TODAY

LONDON SPECIALTIES, Dept. 175
8505 S. Phillips, Chicago, Illinois

Send my Button Hole Maker and Extra Needle Threader at once! On arrival I'll pay postman \$1.00 plus postage, or \$1 for just \$2.50 plus postage* (Cash orders sent prepaid.) If not delighted, I may return in 10 days for money back.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

DYNAMIC COMICS, No. 23, November, 1947. Published bi-monthly by Superior Publishers Limited, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. Entered as second-class matter April 22, 1947, at the Post Office at Buffalo, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. (Sec. 523, P.L. and R.I. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department at Ottawa, Canada. Yearly subscription 60 cents including postage. For advertising rates address Horley L. Ward, Inc., 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois, U.S.A. Entire contents copyrighted 1947 by Superior Publishers Limited. PRINTED IN CANADA.



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

IMA SLOTH

**STOP IT!
YOU'VE GOT
ME DOING
IT NOW!**



**MIGHT AS WELL
GO TO THE DOGS
AND BET A COUPLA
BISCUITS!**

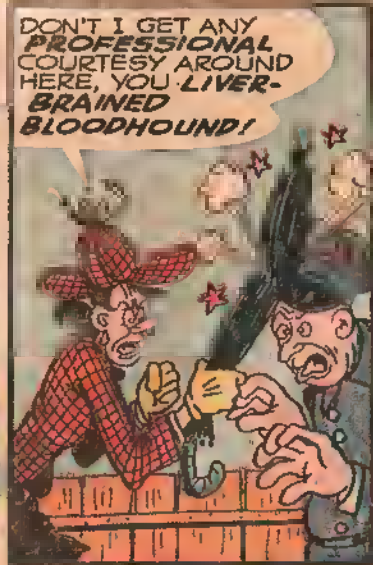


**HELLO,
PINKY!
HOW--???**



**JUST A
MINNIT
IMA/ WHERE
IS YER
TICKET?**

**DON'T I GET ANY
PROFESSIONAL
COURTESY AROUND
HERE, YOU LIVER-
BRAINED
BLOODHOUND!**





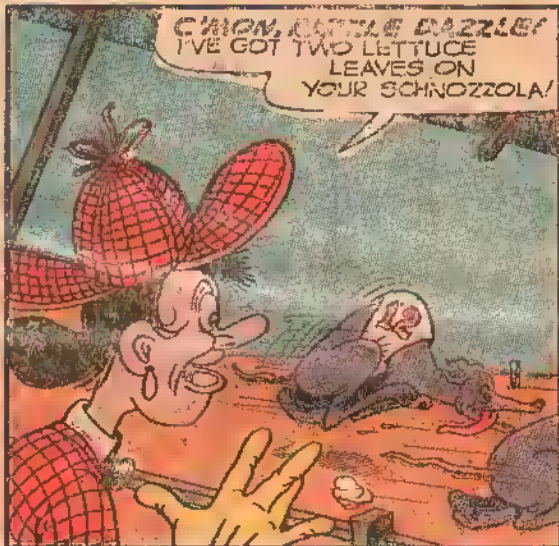
SURE—PROFESSIONAL COURTESY AND **GRATUITÉ** DUCAT WILL GET YOU IN, IMA!



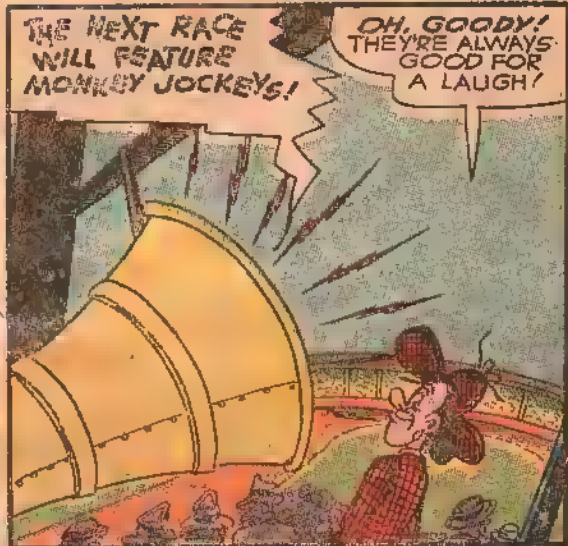
ONE CARDBOARD, **SWEETIE**—AND MAKE IT SNAPPY! I'LL SHOW THAT COPPER!



ALWAYS GLAD TO OBLIGE—HERE'S YOUR TICKET. **STINKY**--ER, I MEAN **PINKY**!!



CHRON, **CATTLE DAZZLES**! I'VE GOT TWO LETTUCE LEAVES ON YOUR **SCHNOZZOLA**!



THE NEXT RACE WILL FEATURE **MONKEY JOCKEYS**!

OH, GOODY! THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD FOR A LAUGH!



HELLO, IMA--GLAD TO SEE YOU!

TAKE IT EASY, MR. SNORT! **NOBODY** EVER SAID **THAT** TO ME BEFORE!



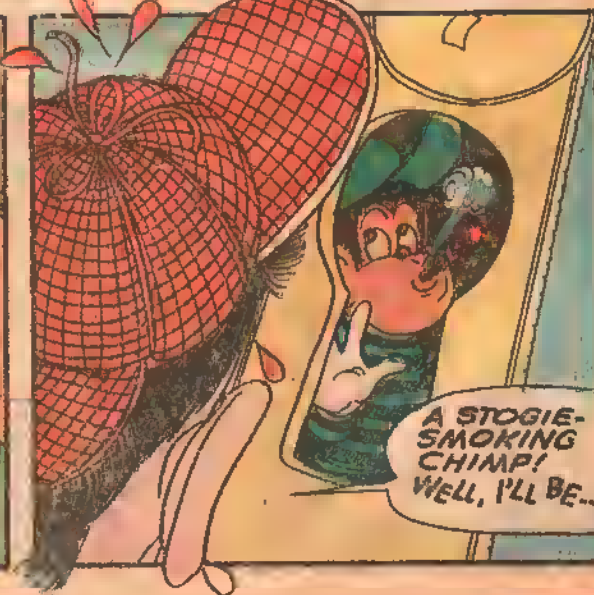
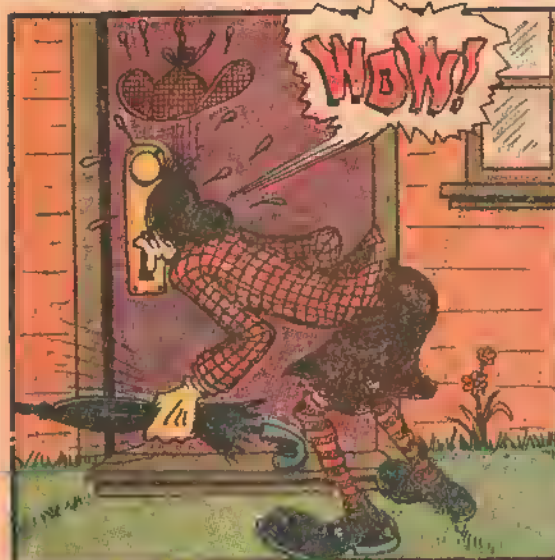
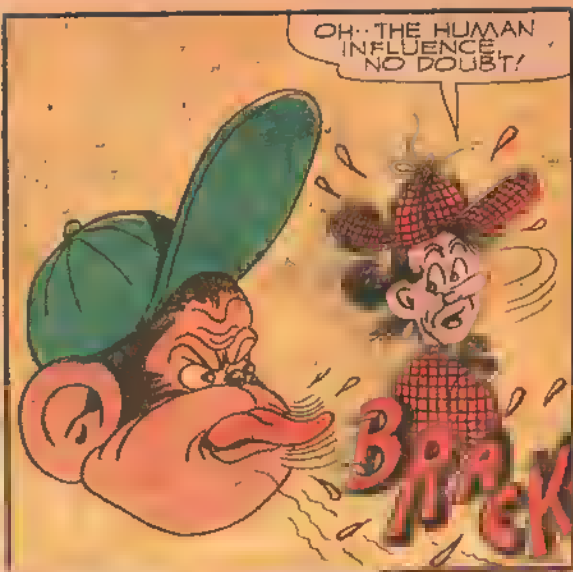
THE NEXT RACE WITH THE MONK JOCKEYS--SOMETHING ROTTEN IS GOING ON!

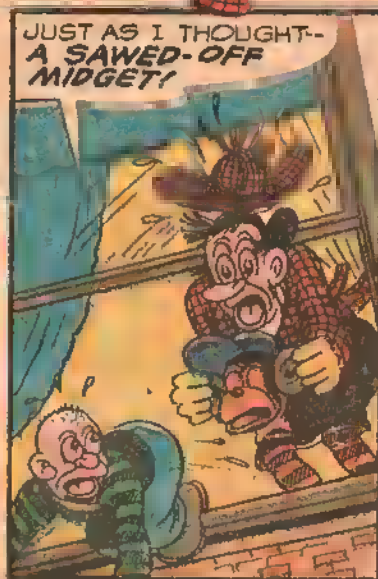
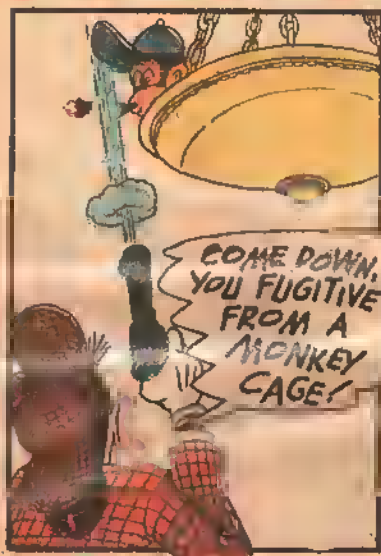
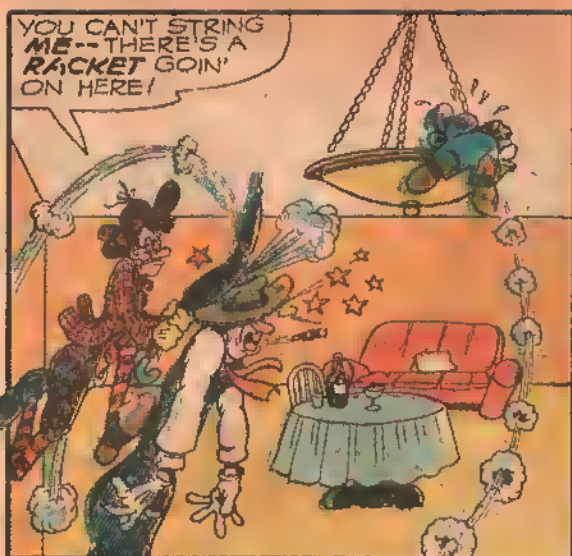
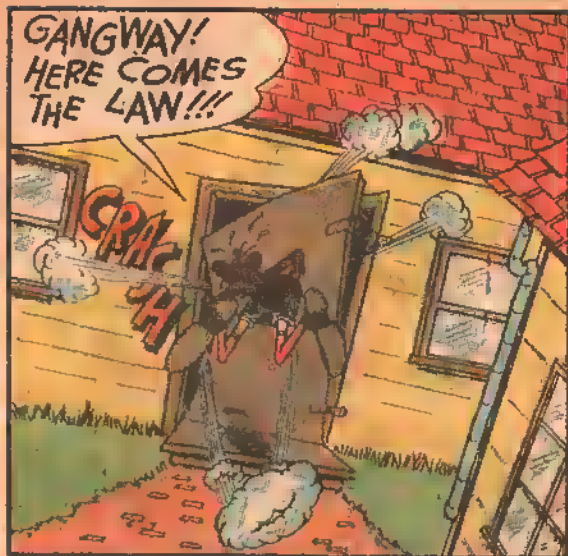
MONKEY BUSINESS, EH?

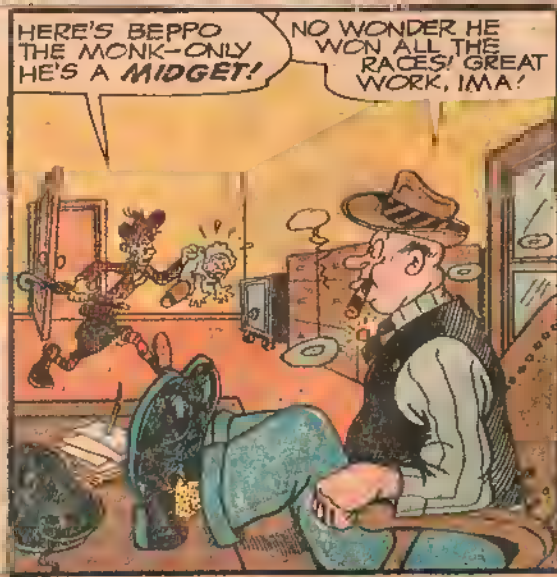
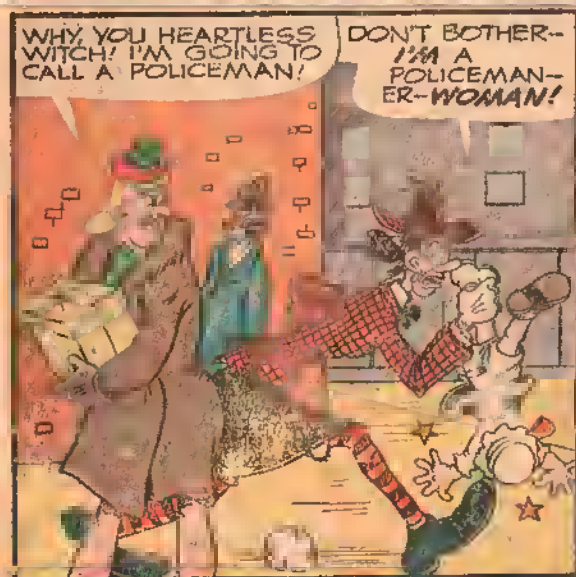


YEAH--**BEPPA** THE MONK ALWAYS WINS!

OKAY, MR. SNORT! I'LL KEEP MY **PEEPERS** PEELUD!







MR.

E

Pain and suffering of thousands of polio victims was about to end. Laughter and joy spread thru the wards of the Silver Springs Foundation—until unexpected death appeared. — Mr. "E" volunteered to recover the secret of healing—but the odds were 100 to 1 against him!



PROFESSOR BYFIELD IS DUE HERE ANY MOMENT. YOU THINK IT WILL STORM?

IT LOOKS DARK, DR. GLADWYN. BUT WHY SHOULD RAIN PREVENT BYFIELD FROM DEMONSTRATING HIS NEUROVITALIZER?



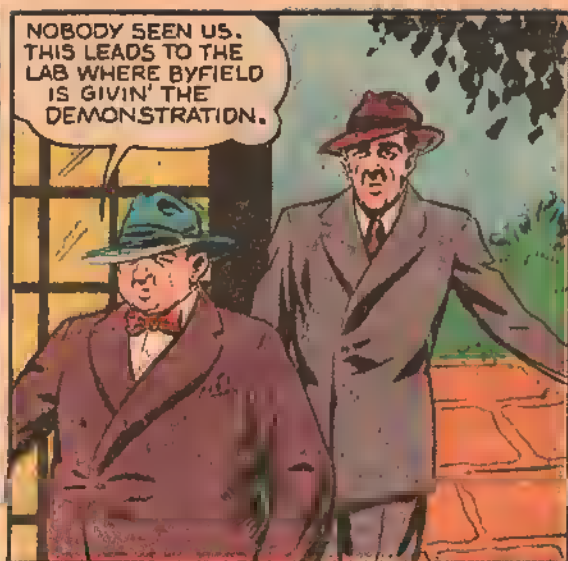
HA-HA-HA! IT WILL BE FAIR WEATHER FOR THE FOUL PLAY OF FIENDS, MY DEAR DOCTOR!





RITZY LAYOUT THEY GOT HERE, OTTO.. ANY GUARDS?

NAW, THEY NEVER DREAMED OF THE KIND OF TROUBLE WE'RE BRINGIN'!!



NOBODY SEEN US. THIS LEADS TO THE LAB WHERE BYFIELD IS GIVIN' THE DEMONSTRATION.



SORRY I'M A BIT LATE, DR. GLADWYN.

QUITE ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR BYFIELD. COME RIGHT IN. THE PATIENT IS READY FOR YOUR TREATMENT.



GOSH! MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO WALK AGAIN NURSE!

QUIET NOW, TOMMY!



I CAN FEEL IT! MY LEG IS TINGLING!!

MARVELOUS! THE THERAPY ACTS IMMEDIATELY ON PARALYZED NERVES. AFTER A SERIES OF TREATMENTS YOU'LL WALK AGAIN, TOMMY!

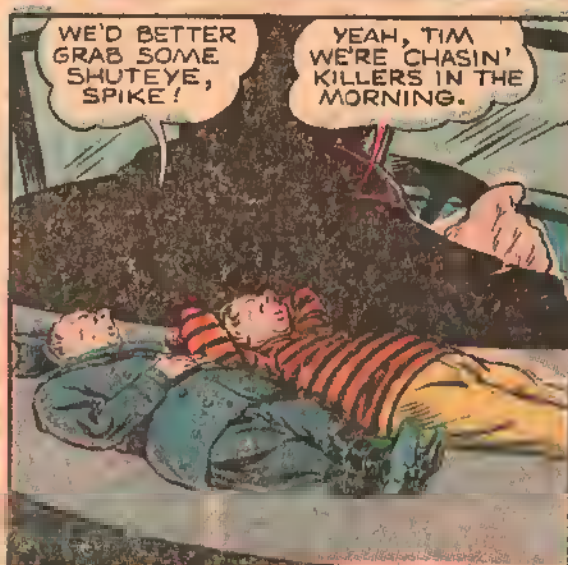
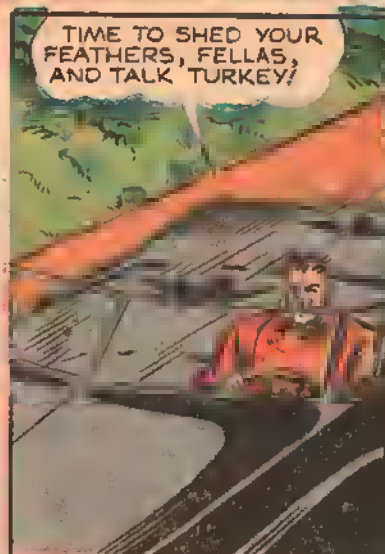


SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU!! BYFIELD IS COMING WITH US!

I'LL GRAB THAT MACHINE. IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE!



JUST TO PROVE WE MEAN BUSINESS!!



An hour after dawn...

SPIKE AND I
WILL SNOOP AROUND
WHILE YOU'RE GETTING
THE FACTS INSIDE, MR. "E".

THESE FOOTPRINTS
ARE A DAY OLD, SPIKE,
BUT THEY CAN TELL US
THINGS THE DETECTIVES
WOULD NEVER DISCOVER.

THE DEEP MARKS
WERE MADE BY
PROF. BYFIELD.
HE'S BIG AND
HEAVY.

I'D MAKE A BETTER
COP THAN YOU, TIM.
SEE WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?

YES--AND THE
KILLERS HAD
PARKED THEIR
CAR BY THAT TREE.
I'LL RUN AND TELL
MR. "E"!

WE'RE AFTER THREE
KILLERS, NOT TWO
CHIEF! LET'S HEAD
FOR THE NEAREST
LAKE OR RIVER.

WHO-WHAT
WAS THAT
LITTLE CREATURE,
MR. "E"??

LOOKED LIKE A
DOLL OR A
PUPPET--ONLY
IT WAS ALIVE!

I DIDN'T SEE A THING,
DR. CARLSON. THANKS FOR
THE INFORMATION ABOUT
BYFIELD AND HIS
KIDNAPERS. DON'T
PAY THE RANSOM.

THE KILLERS DEMAND
A HALF MILLION RANSOM
FOR THE RELEASE OF
BYFIELD AND HIS
NEUROVITALIZER.

WHAT'S THE
LOWDOWN,
MR. "E"? WE'RE GOING TO
CHARTER A PLANE
AT THE NEAREST
AIRPORT.

YOU-YOU'VE GOT A **HALF MILLION** IN THAT PACKAGE? WH-WHERE YOU MAKIN' THE PAYOFF?

I'VE GOT TO BAIL DUT OVER THE DISMAL SWAMP WHEN WE SEE THE SIGNAL. BRING ME A PARACHUTE.



NOTHING BUT A BLOCK OF WOOD WRAPPED IN PAPER! MR. 'E'S GOT SOME NERVE.

THE KILLERS FIGURED A SMART SCHEME BY DEMANDING A HOSTAGE TO DROP FROM THE SKY WITH THE RANSOM.



WHAT IF THERE'S A G-MAN WITH A SHORT WAVE RADIO IN THAT PLANE, TUSK?

DON'T BE A DOPE, OTTO. **LOOK!!** A GUY IS BAILING OUT!

MY PLAN WON'T WORK IF THE WIND BLOWS US BEYOND THE SWAMP ISLAND AND THEY COME OUT FOR ME IN A BOAT.

WE'RE NOT DRIFTING MUCH. YOU'LL LAND ON THE END OF THE ISLAND.



THERE HE IS - NEAR THE BANK. HE'S GOT A PACKAGE!

MAYBE IT'S DYNAMITE! START SHOOTING, OTTO!

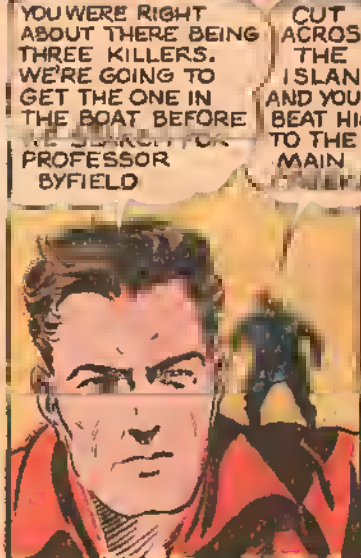
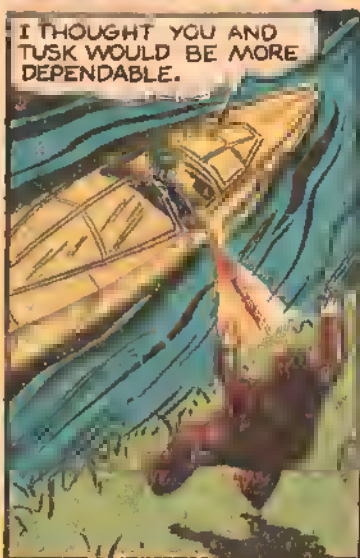


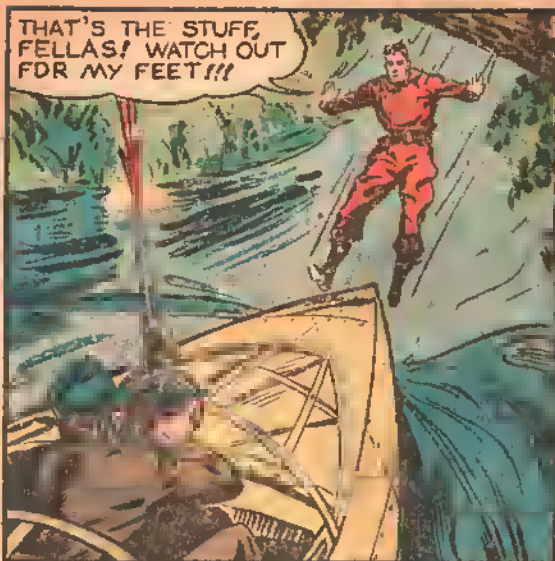
ALLEY OOP! DROOPS! NOW UP AND AT 'EM, TIM!



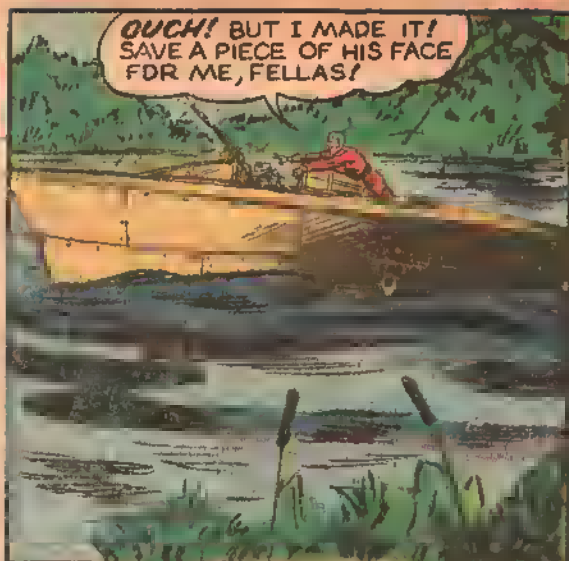
THROW THEIR GUNS INTO THE UNDERBRUSH AND THEY'LL BE HELPLESS!



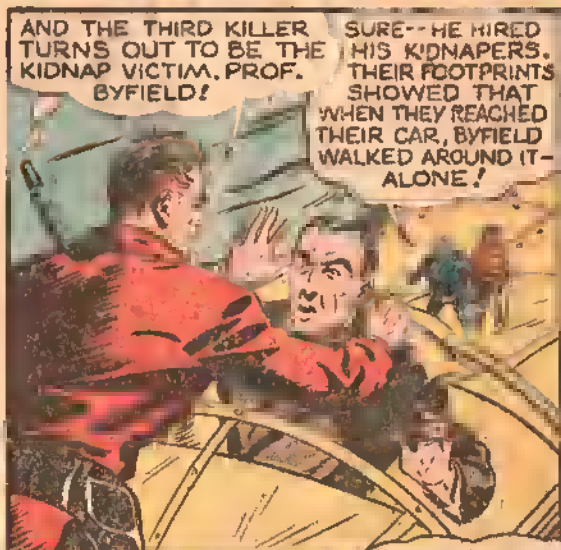




THAT'S THE STUFF,
FELLAS! WATCH OUT
FOR MY FEET!!!



OUCH! BUT I MADE IT!
SAVE A PIECE OF HIS FACE
FOR ME, FELLAS!

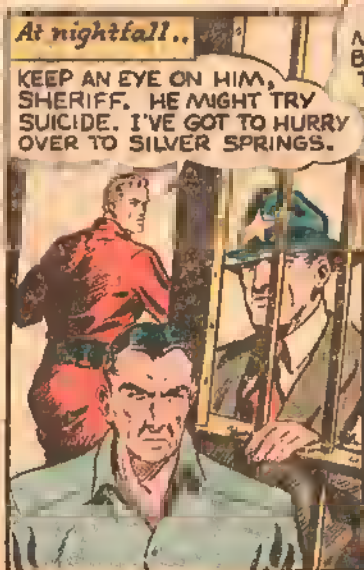


AND THE THIRD KILLER
TURNS OUT TO BE THE
KIDNAP VICTIM, PROF.
BYFIELD!

SURE-- HE HIRED
HIS KIDNAPERS.
THEIR FOOTPRINTS
SHOWED THAT
WHEN THEY REACHED
THEIR CAR, BYFIELD
WALKED AROUND IT--
ALONE!



THERE'S A LANDING SLIP
DOWN BY THE SAWMILL.
TAKE US THERE, PROFESSOR
AND NO TRICKS!!

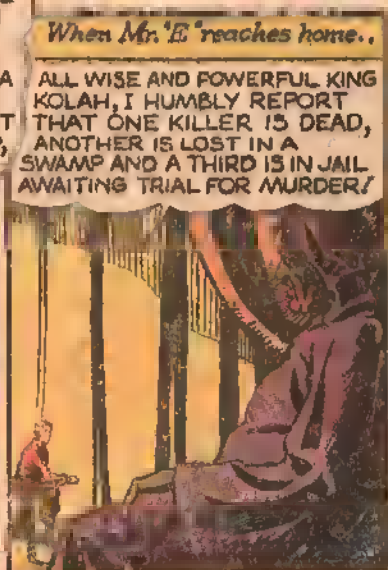


At nightfall..

KEEP AN EYE ON HIM,
SHERIFF. HE MIGHT TRY
SUICIDE. I'VE GOT TO HURRY
OVER TO SILVER SPRINGS.

BYFIELD'S ETHICAL
REPUTATION IN
MEDICINE WOULD HAVE
BEEN RUINED IF HE'D
TRIED TO PROFIT BY
HIS DISCOVERY. HE
PLANNED HIS
KIDNAPING
CLEVERLY.

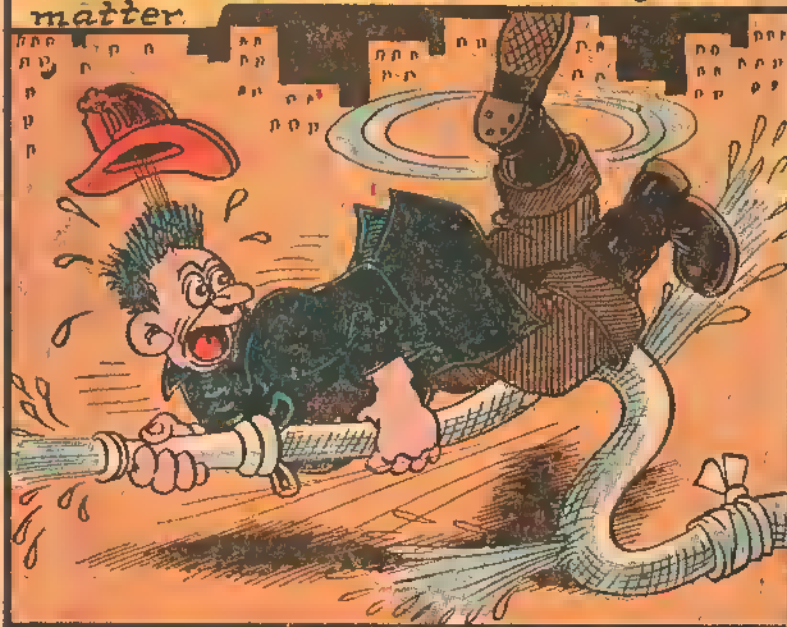
HE'D HAVE
GOTTEN
AWAY
WITH IT
AND BEEN A
HERO - IF
YOU HADN'T
SHOWN UP,
W.H.E.



When Mr. 'E' reaches home..

ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING
KOLAH, I HUMBL Y REPORT
THAT ONE KILLER IS DEAD,
ANOTHER IS LOST IN A
SWAMP AND A THIRD IS IN JAIL
AWAITING TRIAL FOR MURDER!

Water does not put out a fire because it is wet! It is used to shut off the oxygen and lowers the kindling point of the burning matter.



The spider spins the finest and strongest thread there is. It has greater tensility than steel.

It's FA



Cattle that get of exercise have meat than lazy

**MORE
WOMEN
THAN
MEN
LIVE
TO BE
70 YEARS
OLD!**



I'M LE
THAT'S
HOT
COM

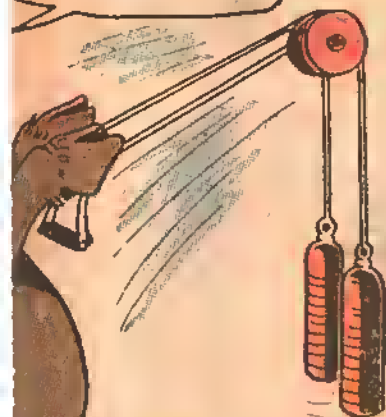


Twen
minu
boilin
make
wate
to di

a CT

Alcohol does not warm up the body. If Arctic explorers used alcohol, they would freeze to death. It has the sensation of warming the body for it reddens and warms the skin. Actually, it causes the warm blood to rise to the surface of the body, where it is chilled and returns cold in the internal organs.

I SHOULD MAKE
THE MARKET
THIS YEAR!



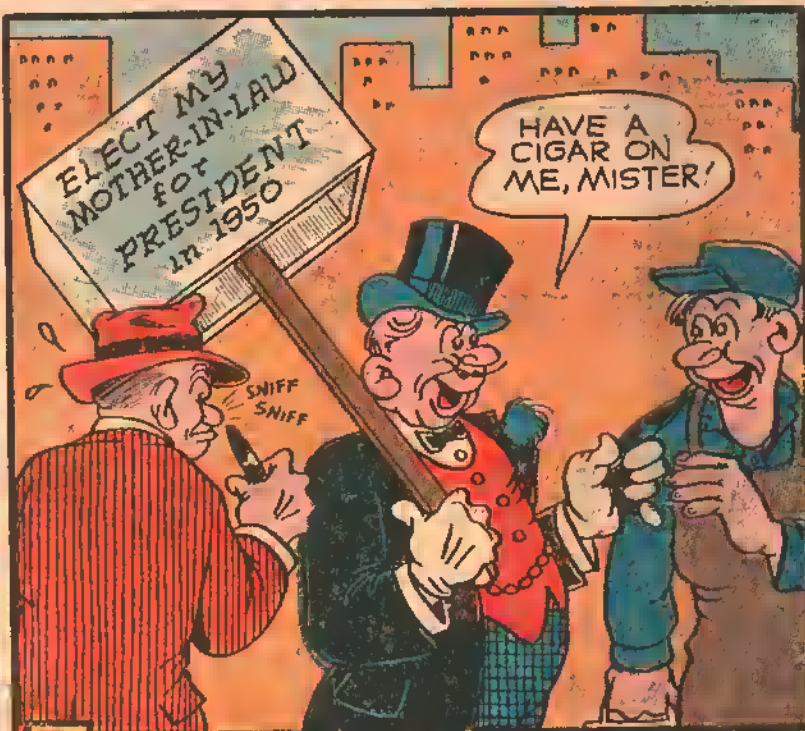
plenty
tenderer
cattle.

WING!
TOO
FOR
PORT!



y
es
g will
any
safe
ink!

**DIAMOND
DUST
IS
THE
HARDEST
KNOWN
ABRASIVE**



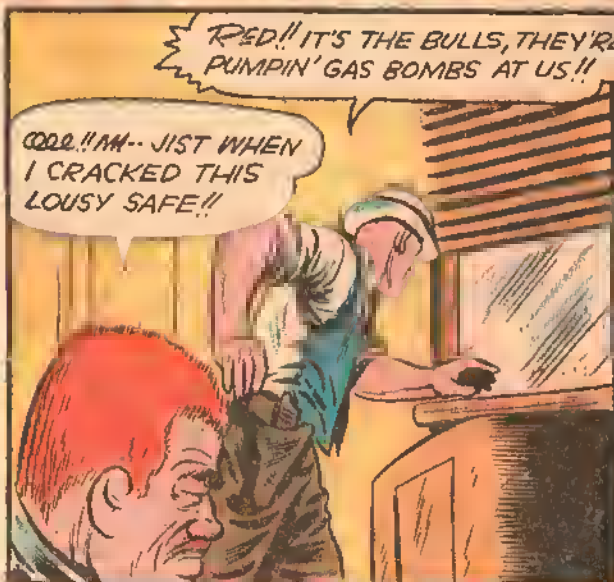
Every man elected to the presidency of the U.S. in the year ending in zero died in office. Harrison 1840--Lincoln 1860, McKinley 1900--Harding 1920--Roosevelt 1940

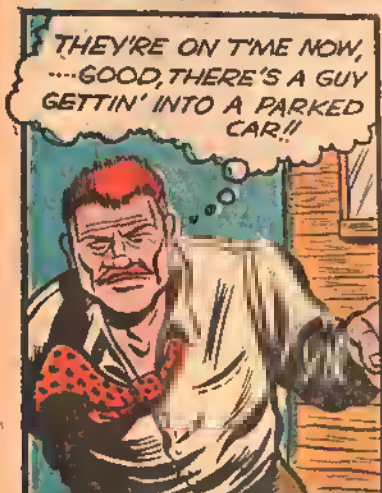
Finish of a ...

Tough Guy



Red O'Leary was a typical desperado in appearance with his red hair, bristling moustache, and his ugly, heavy-jawed face While his huge neck and shoulders, his big head and powerful hands impressed one with his physical powers He weighed nearly three hundred pounds, and his pals pointed with pride that he wore a bigger hat than any politician in America Size eight and a quarter!





RED WAS HELD IN LUDLOW ST. JAIL IN NEW YORK CITY, AND WAS VISITED OFTEN BY HIS WIFE, AND A FRIEND "BUTCH" McCARTHY....

WE GOT A FLAT IN THE TENEMENT NEXT DOOR...THERE'S JUST A WALL BETWEEN IT AND YOUR BATHROOM

GOOD WORK!

GOIN' UP T'THE BATHROOM T'WASH UP A BIT OFFICER!!

DON'T BE LONG RED!

ONE DAY, A FEW WEEKS LATER!

IF I LOOSEN THESE BRICKS, I SHOULD FIND THE TUNNEL THEY'VE DUG...HERE IT IS!!

GOOD WORK RED, YA MADE IT EASY!!

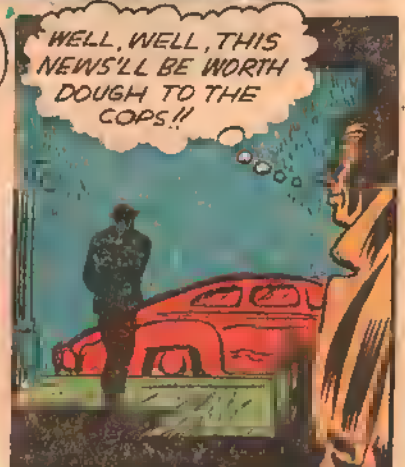
YEH, WELL LET'S BLOW BEFORE THEY FIND THE TUNNEL WE DUG!!

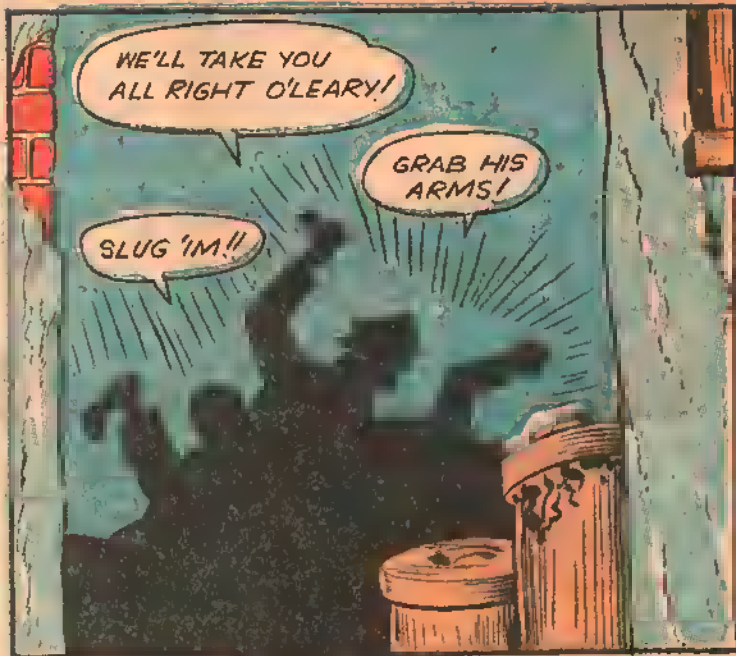
GLORY BE!!!...O'LEARY'S ESCAPED!!

GLAD YOU GOT OUR STUFF PACKED MONEY, NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!

AND, SO O'LEARY FLED TO EUROPE TO ESCAPE HIS JUST PUNISHMENT.....

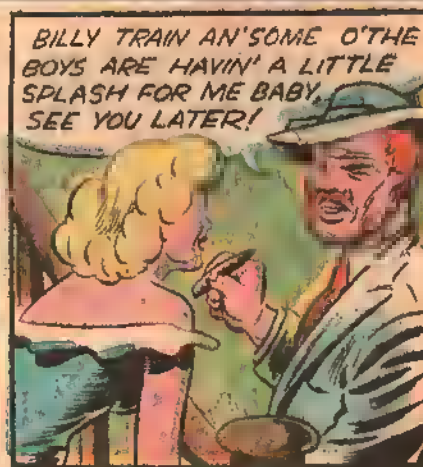
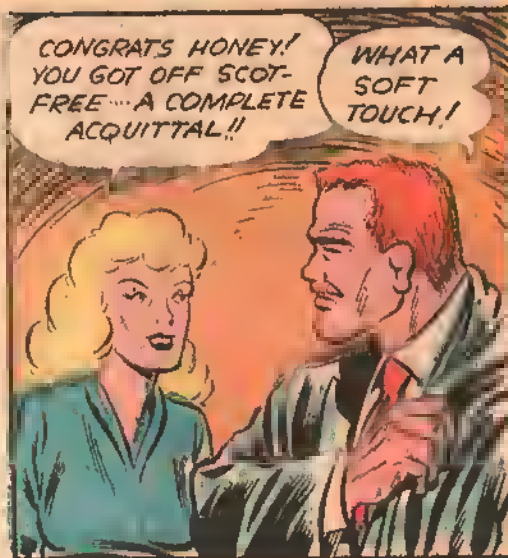
BETTER STAY ON THE OTHER SIDE 'TIL THEY TURN OFF THE HEAT BACK IN THE STATES!

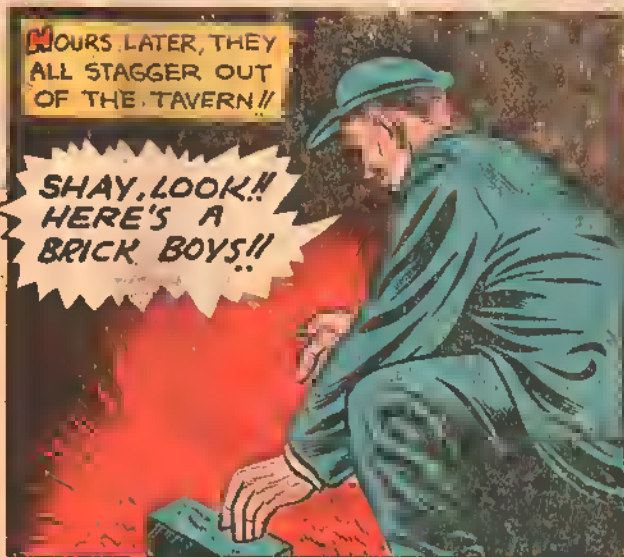




DUE TO THE
FACT THAT
THE EVIDENCE
AGAINST O'LEARY
WAS MEAGER,
AND THAT
RED HIRED
TOP-NOTCH
LAWYERS, THE
STATE HAD
TROUBLE IN
PROVING
THEIR CASE..

AND





THE BRICK TOSSED PLAYFULLY INTO THE AIR, LANDS SQUARE ON O'LEARY'S SKULL!!



THUS, BY A BRICK THROWN IN THE AIR BY 'BILLY' TRAIN, A DRUNKEN EX-CONVICT, THE LAWLESS, AND RIOTOUS LIFE OF THE NOTORIOUS "RED" O'LEARY CAME TO A VIOLENT, IF NOT TRAGIC, END, AND THE BALANCE OF JUSTICE WAS MAINTAINED!

THE

ECHO



Bullets buzz like angry wasps when **THE ECHO** throws his voice at a pair of murder merchants. They can't put him on the spot because he's always heard, but seldom seen. **THE ECHO** knows that a live target is the best killer bait... but he finds it takes more than that to turn the tables on men who deal in **CORPSES--C.O.D!**

MISSED HIM AGAIN!



HEY! WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

THE SECOND TIME TODAY I'VE ALMOST BEEN STRUCK BY A CAR. MAYBE JANE WAS RIGHT IN HAVING THAT DOC COME TO GIVE ME A CHECK-UP!



BUT THE DOC JANE CALLED
IN, DIDN'T GIVE ME A THOROUGH
EXAMINATION. I'M GOING TO
HAVE DR. DOOM LOOK
ME OVER!



I THOUGHT DOC'S
OFFICE HOURS
WERE SEVEN TO
EIGHT, CORA!

HE MAKES
EXCEPTIONS,
ECHO. THE MAN
WHO JUST CAME
IN LOOKS TERRIFIED--
AND IS TRYING HARD
TO CONCEAL IT!



NOTHING WRONG
WITH YOU, BILL.
WHAT DOES
YOUR WIFE
THINK IS THE
TROUBLE?

DON'T
KNOW,
DOC!
SHE'S
TELLING
EVERYONE

THAT I HAVE
DIZZY SPELLS,
BUT I FEEL FINE!



HAVE YOU
HAD ANY
ACCIDENTS?

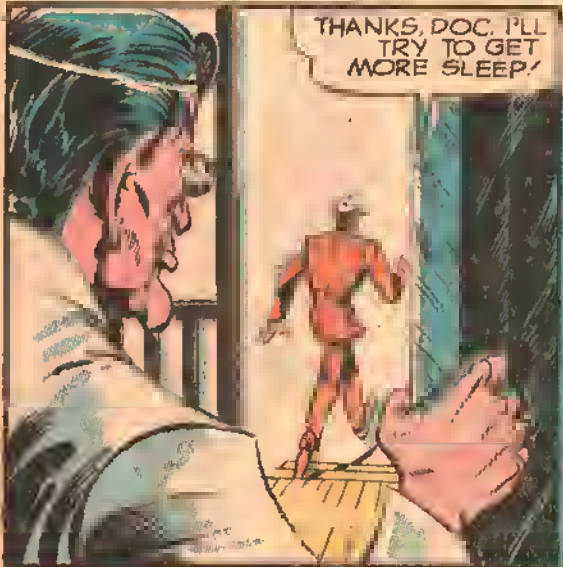
NO-- BUT
TWICE
TODAY I
WAS ALMOST
STRUCK BY
A CAR!



JUST YOUR NERVES,
BILL. TAKE THESE
PILLS. YOU'LL
BE ALL RIGHT.



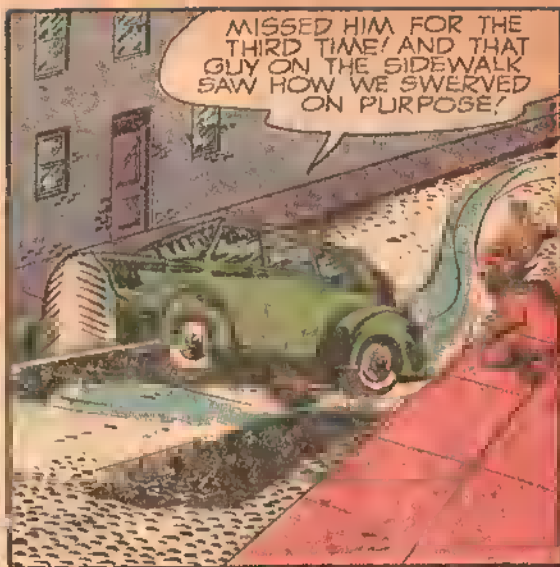
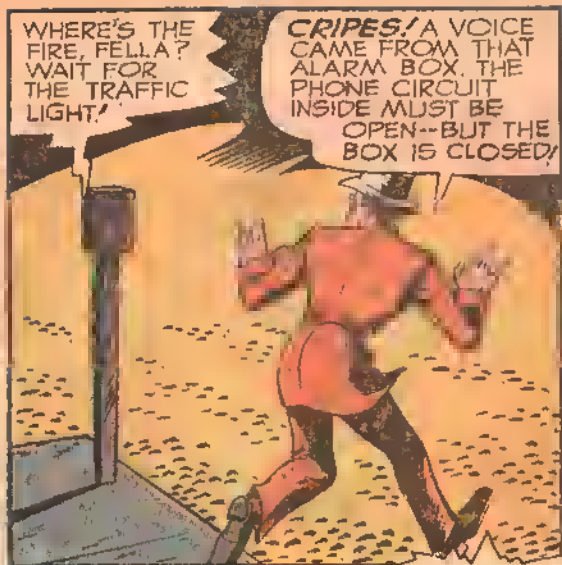
THANKS, DOC. I'LL
TRY TO GET
MORE SLEEP!

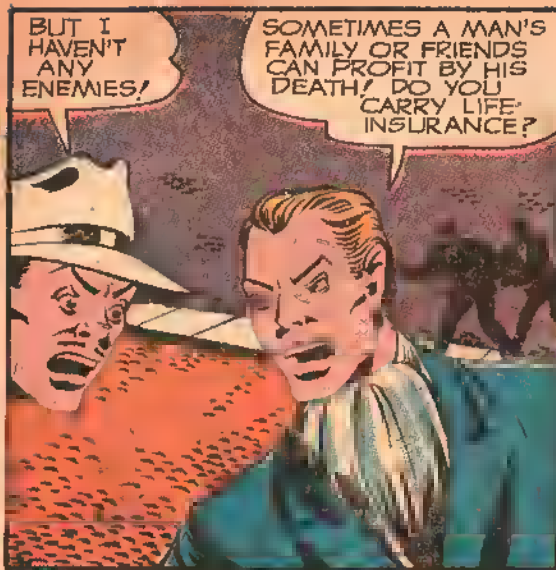


QUICK, ECHO? JUMP
INTO YOUR SHOES
AND SLIP ON A
COAT! I WANT
YOU TO FOLLOW
BILL NORTON!

YOUR
HUNCHES ARE
ALWAYS HOT,
DOC. I'LL KEEP
AN EYE
ON HIM!









P55T! DON'T SLIP HIM
THAT DRINK, BABY!
WE'LL GET HIM
WHEN HE LEAVES!



I PUT TOO MUCH
SODA IN IT, ECHO!
YOU'D BETTER
MIX YOUR OWN!

THANKS, MRS.
NORTON. ER, SAY,
HAVEN'T I SEEN
YOU SOMEWHERE?
YOU USED TO
SING, DIDN'T YOU?



SURE, AT THE SHORE
CLUB. TONI GAVE
UP A PROMISING
CAREER TO MARRY
ME, ECHO!

HO-HUM, I'D
BETTER RUN
ALONG, FOLKS.
IF YOU NEED
ME, I LIVE AT
ONE-FIFTEEN
CLINTON
DRIVE!



HEAR
THAT,
DUSTY?
WE'LL
GET HIM
OVER
THERE!
LET'S
GO!



While the killers lie in
ambush at the wrong
address, The Echo
works fast--

YOU WERE
RIGHT ABOUT
NORTON, DOC
GET DRESSED
QUICK! WHERE'S
THE ECHO
DUMMY?

IN
THE
SPARE
ROOM
CLOSET.
WHO'S
GUNNING
FOR YOU?



TWO BIRDS HIRED BY
NORTON'S WIFE TO RUB
HIM OUT. HE TOLD HER
I WAS THE ECHO, BUT
EVEN SO I TRICKED
HER INTO REVEALING
HER GUILT!



WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING YOUR
PLASTER OF
PARIS TWIN,
ECHO?

TO THE REAR OF
A BUILDING AT
ONE FIFTEEN
CLINTON DRIVE,
ECHO.

MAYBE HE WENT
TO THE
COPS, OWL!

NO—HE'S A LONE
WOLF. HE WILL
SHOW UP ANY
MOMENT.



AND DON'T WORRY
ABOUT NORTON. HIS
WIFE WILL KEEP
HIM OUT OF
MISCHIEF UNTIL
WE'RE READY
FOR HIM!

IF SHE DON'T
WE CAN'T
COLLECT OUR
FEE FROM HER.
**HEY! LOOK
BACK THERE!**



THERE HE IS! I'LL
MAKE A "U" TURN
AN' YOU BE READY
TO GIVE HIM
THE BUSINESS!

I PHONED
CAPTAIN
HAGGERTY.
HE'S SENDING
TWO SQUAD
CARS!

I'LL HAVE
TO WORK
FAST! THE
KILLERS
WILL SKIP
WHEN THEY
HEAR POLICE
SIRENS!



HEAR THAT TOMMY
GUN, DOC? THE
DUMMY IS TAKING
A TERRIFIC
BEATING!



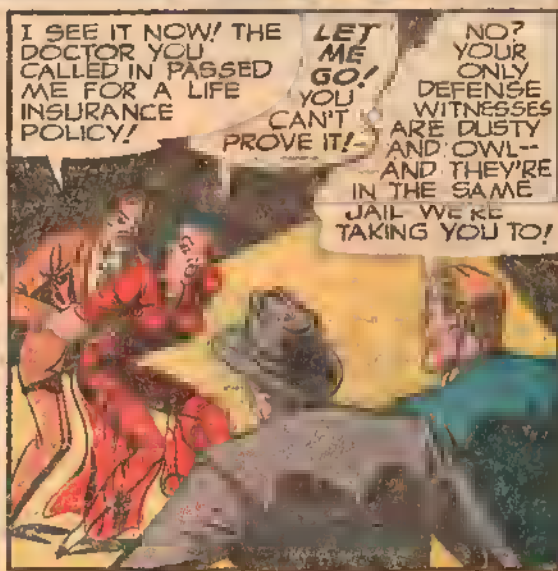
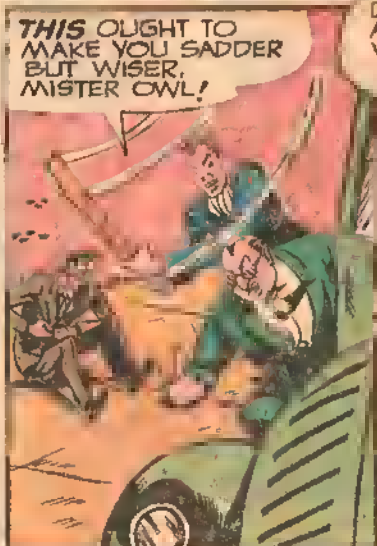
HE'S WEARING A
BULLETPROOF VEST!
JUST STANDS THERE
LAUGHING AT ME!

DON'T LET
HIM MAKE
SAPS OUT
OF US. AIM
AT HIS FACE
AND HEAD!



I FIRED ALL MY
SHOTS. CAN'T SEE
HOW I MISSED HIM.





INVITATION to DEATH

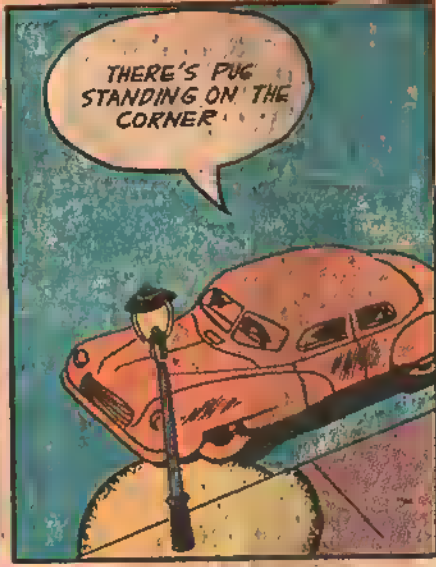


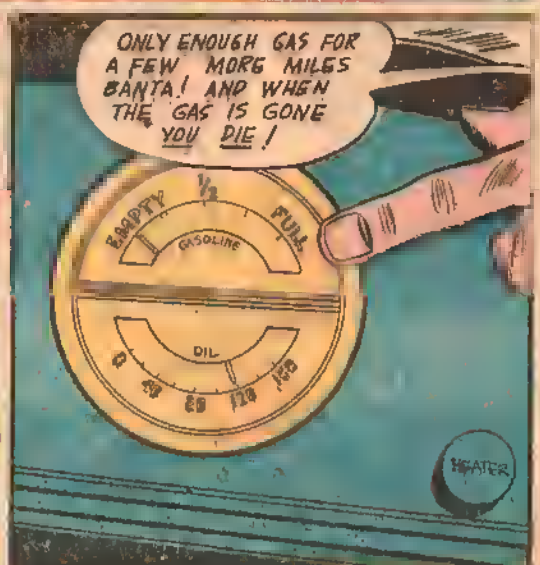
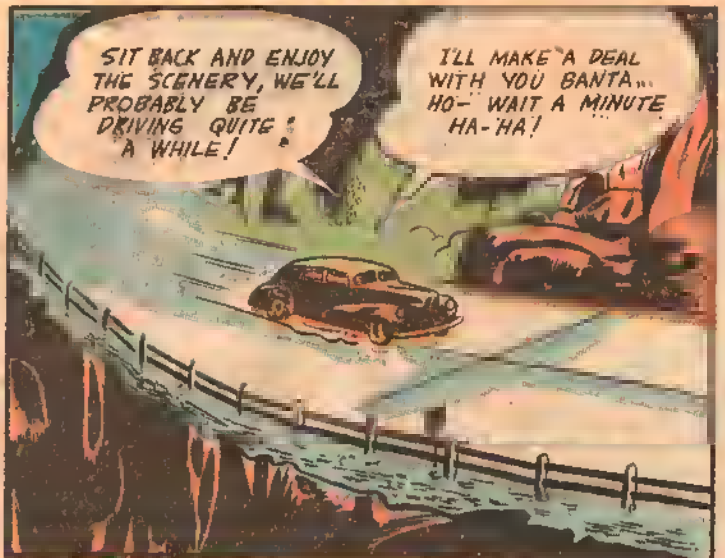
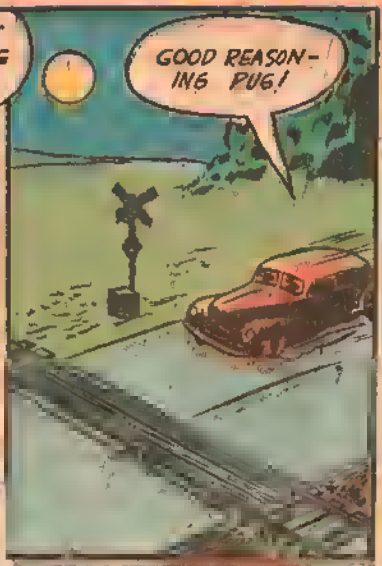
A TRUE CRIME CASE

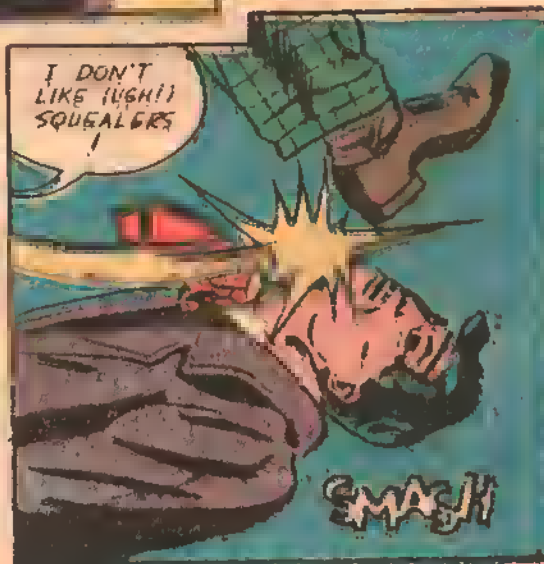
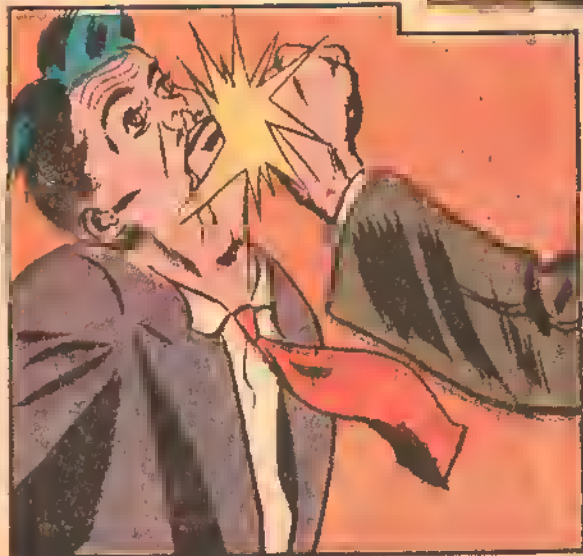
IN THIS STORY THREE
LIVES END ABRUPTLY
FOLLOWING RECEIPT BY
ONE ARTHUR BANTA OF A
MYSTERIOUS TELEPHONE
CALL IN THE ELKS
CLUB.....

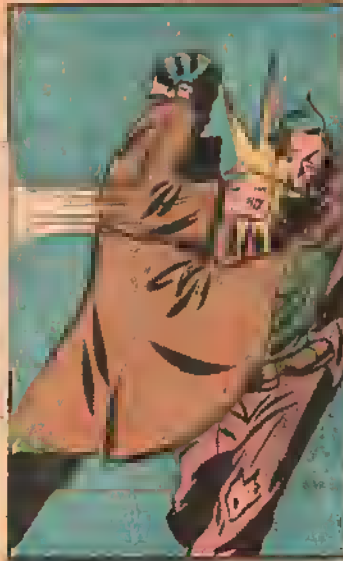
I PHONED BANTA
AT THE 'ELKS' CLUB,
NOW TO WAIT FOR
HIM TO MEET ME
HERE!

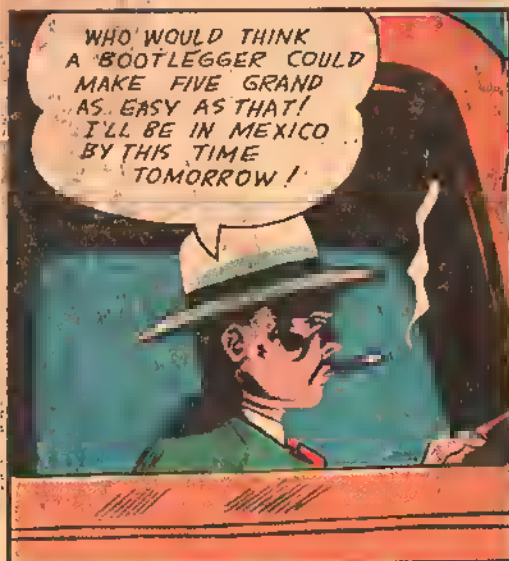










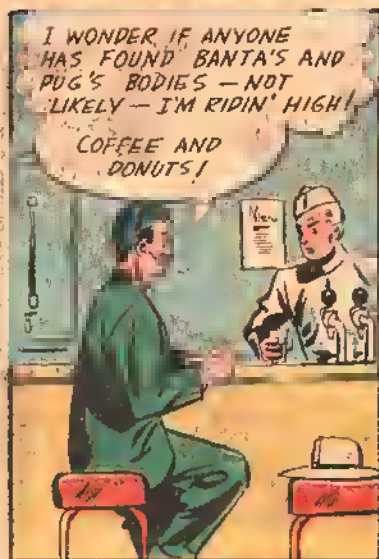


WHO WOULD THINK
A BOOTLEGGER COULD
MAKE FIVE GRAND
AS EASY AS THAT!
I'LL BE IN MEXICO
BY THIS TIME
TOMORROW!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, SLINKY
PULLS UP AT A ROADSIDE
DINER...

A COUPLE OF MORE
HOURS AND I'LL BE
OUT OF THE COUNTRY!
NOTHING TO WORRY
ABOUT NOW! WHO SAYS
CRIME DOESN'T PAY!



I WONDER IF ANYONE
HAS FOUND BANTA'S AND
PUG'S BODIES - NOT
LIKELY - I'M RIDIN' HIGH!
COFFEE AND
DONUTS!



HEY MAC! IS THAT
YOUR CAR OUT
FRONT?

HUH?
YEAH



WH-! A COP!
SOMEBODY MUST'VE
FOUND THE BODIES!
YOU'LL NEVER
TAKE ME!



WHIRLING, PUG FIRES,
HIS SHOT IS WILD...
BECAUSE THE POLICE-
MAN'S REACHES
HIM FIRST!

TAKE
TH...!



HUH? WHAT WAS THE
MATTER WITH HIM? I
JUST CAME IN TO
TELL HIM TO MOVE
HIS CAR!

THE END

BLOOD AND BLARNEY

TOM CASEY HAD A NOSE FOR CRIME

Joe Blake, night superintendent of the Morgan Works, seemed to love the oil and grease more than anything, for it was all over his clothes, his face and his hands.

He said to Tom Casey, the special detective hired to guard the payroll, "Watch those kids, Casey. They carry twenty grand for the night shift's payroll and we don't aim to lose it."

Casey kept his hand on the gun in his pocket and followed the clerks who carried the leather satchel. He wondered why the Morgan Works would send two such youngsters out for a bag full of lettuce at night time.

Casey shrugged. Oh, well, it was their business. The kids carrying the satchel were as carefree as if they had been going to the store for their mothers. It made Casey uneasy and jumpy, for they were passing the darkest part of the route at the moment.

In sight of the factory Casey breathed more easily. It would now be only a few hundred yards more and they'd be safely inside the fence. But he did not realize that even then a big man was creeping up on him from the alley he had just passed.

Casey felt a sort of sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach as a rough arm grabbed him about the neck. He twisted his body and tried to yank his gun from his pocket, but the big arms clamped his own at his sides as if he were in a vise. It went through Casey's mind that the crook was crazy to attack him, for the kids were now on the lam and c. r. y. i. n. g the dough with them.

But he changed his mind suddenly. The big man fired two shots from behind Casey and the kids went down. Casey wrenched himself free and came up with his right, but the thug sidestepped quickly, brought the barrel of his gun down on Casey's nose,

Casey's head swam and blood sputted from each nostril. He could do no more for the kids who had been knocked off so coldly than to hang on. He tried for his gun again, but the crook took it out of his hands as if he was taking candy from a baby.

The detective clinched with his opponent, who now, too, was breathing heavily. Casey managed to get in a right to the other's wind and then a left to the jaw. But that was as far as he got. The reverse of the crook's gun came down on Casey's head, back of the ear, and Casey went down.

He did not entirely lose consciousness, knew

only that the crook was getting away with the payroll, leaving three people on the ground, two of them probably dead.

His first thought after his head cleared was to wonder if the kids were alive. Inspection showed that they were dead without a shadow of doubt. He wondered, too, why the crook had not killed him. Then he remembered the other had used a large revolver and that the report had been muffled. A silencer! Then the killer had not fired a third shot because he had not wanted to make any more noise to attract attention.

Casey entered the factory gates and notified the guard. Then he went inside to report to Blake.

Blake sat open mouthed, listening, letting tobacco juice run down his chin. He was a coarse man. Casey felt the disgust in Blake's stare. Without answering directly, Blake phoned police headquarters. Then he called the comptroller of the company, got him out of bed and reported the loss.

Department heads and company officers and police swarmed into the plant within the next half hour. Blake's attitude seemed to imply that he might think Casey had had a hand in the robbery himself.

"Got any ideas, Casey?" he asked at last, staring through small, beady eyes.

Casey took his hand from his pocket and as he did he let his gun drop to the floor. Blake dove for it and Casey dug his heel into the back of the superintendent's hand. Blake yelled out an oath.

"I think we ought to look in your pockets, Blake," Casey said.

The comptroller started from his chair. "Come, come, man! Be sensible!" he shouted.

"Too bad," said Casey, "that Blake forgot to wash his neck. He's got my nosebleed all over it, in spite of his putting on a clean jumper."

Blake roared, rose to his feet. Casey kicked his gun across the room and as Blake reached for his pocket, the detective sent a hard right to the man's jaw. He folded and went down in a heap. Casey felt a wave of satisfaction come over him, as a wad of bills fell from Blake's jumper.

"I knew no ordinary crook could smell so strongly of grease and oil. As a matter of fact, Blake did wash his neck for once. There wasn't a trace of blood there, but he fell for the gag."

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BILFOLDS ARE PRINTED IN
Breath Taking Colors!

Your Choice
for \$98
plus tax



Style 333 - Mountain Scene



Style 337 - Mountain Scene



Style 332 - U. S. Map



Style 334 - Sporting Scene



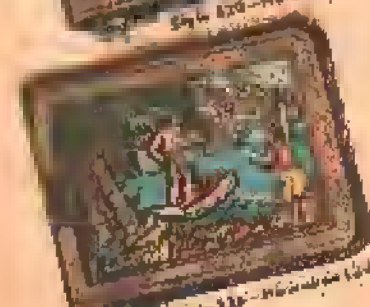
Style 335 - Buffalo Hunt



Style 336 - Horse Show



Style 338 - Indian Scene



Special Security Photo only 35c



Style 340 - Indian Scene



Style 341 - Covered Wagon

AMERICAN ZIPPER BILFOLD
A bifold wallet all at once! Bigger
bifolded, brightly decorated in
colorful designs. When unfolded
it's a wallet with a picture on
each side. The inside is
lined with a soft material. The
outside is made of leather or
cloth. The inside has a pocket
for a card. The outside has a
pocket for a card. The inside
has a pocket for a card. The
outside has a pocket for a card.



These are the bifolded wallets. They are made of leather or cloth. The inside is lined with a soft material. The outside is made of leather or cloth. The inside has a pocket for a card. The outside has a pocket for a card. The inside has a pocket for a card. The outside has a pocket for a card.

SEND NO MONEY NOW! SEE SAMPLES AND ORDER TODAY!

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We have the largest selection of bifold wallets in the world. We have the largest selection of bifold wallets in the world. We have the largest selection of bifold wallets in the world.

My selection is _____ (fill in style number and color)
I want to see the bifolded wallet before I order. _____
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Address _____
City _____ State _____

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 Calling All DICK TRACY Fans!



WHAT A FINE TOY THESE
 WRIST RADIOS HAVE -
 AND TO THINK THEY WORK
 WITHOUT BATTERIES
 OR TUBES!



AN! THIS PROGRAM
 COMES IN CLEAR AS
 A BELL.



THIS "METAL WINDOW"
 FRAME MAKES A
 GOOD AERIAL!



CON-BOY!
 IT WORKS!



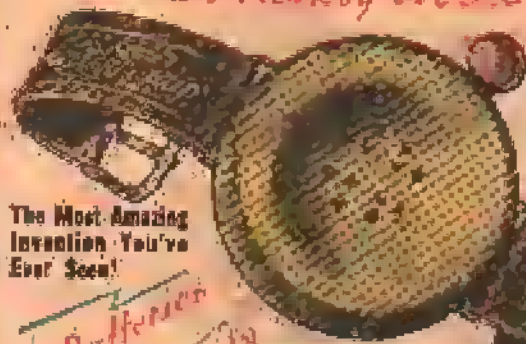
NOW I CAN LISTEN TO MY
 FAVORITE PROGRAMS
 WITHOUT
 DISTURBING
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Genuine DICK TRACY WRIST RADIO

For Only
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 Complete with
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The Most Amazing
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You've Seen It In The Comics...

NOW YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF YOUR VERY OWN!

Here it is, kids... the one and only DICK TRACY Wrist Radio that actually tunes in stations many miles away! And it's yours to own for only \$3.98. Just think of the fun you'll have using it... listening to ball games... getting the lowdown on things the very moment they happen, no matter where you may be! With a DICK TRACY Wrist Radio you'll immediately become the most popular kid in town... the envy of the entire neighborhood! But remember our quantity is limited, so if you want to be sure of getting yours you had better ACT NOW!

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CHECK ONE ☐ I am enclosing \$3.98. Please ship postpaid.
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SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE
MODELING KIT WITH
EVERYTHING IN IT
I NEEDED. SO...

... I JUST PAINT THE
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER.
LIKE THIS!

EDC K5
J15V1

YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE RUBBER DRIES, I STAMP IT OFF AND YOU GOT A RUBBER MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHEN
DO YOU
GO WITH
THE

JUST POUR ANDBLING POWDER INTO IT, THEN WHEN IT DRIES, I REMOVE THE BUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CASE
FOR THE HYPOTHESIS

YUP - JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCS, I CAN
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS
ONE MOLO - BE! L'FA, TOO! YOU CAN
REPRODUCE ANYTHING
WITH A BFG-9000.

GLEE THAT LOOKS LIKE
FUN, IS GOING TO
ORDER ME A KIT TODAY:

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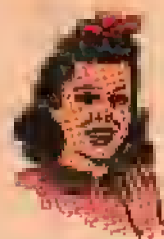
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Figure	Figure	Figure
Fig. 1	Fig. 2	Fig. 3



HE KNOWS WHAT THEY "GO FOR"...



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